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ROBINSON CRUSOE

by DANIEL DEFOE



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ROBINSON CRUSOE



Turning, I saw the sea coming upon me once more

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CHICAGO

Printed in the United States of America

JUN - 1 1931

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31-14624

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CHAPTER I

I GO TO SEA

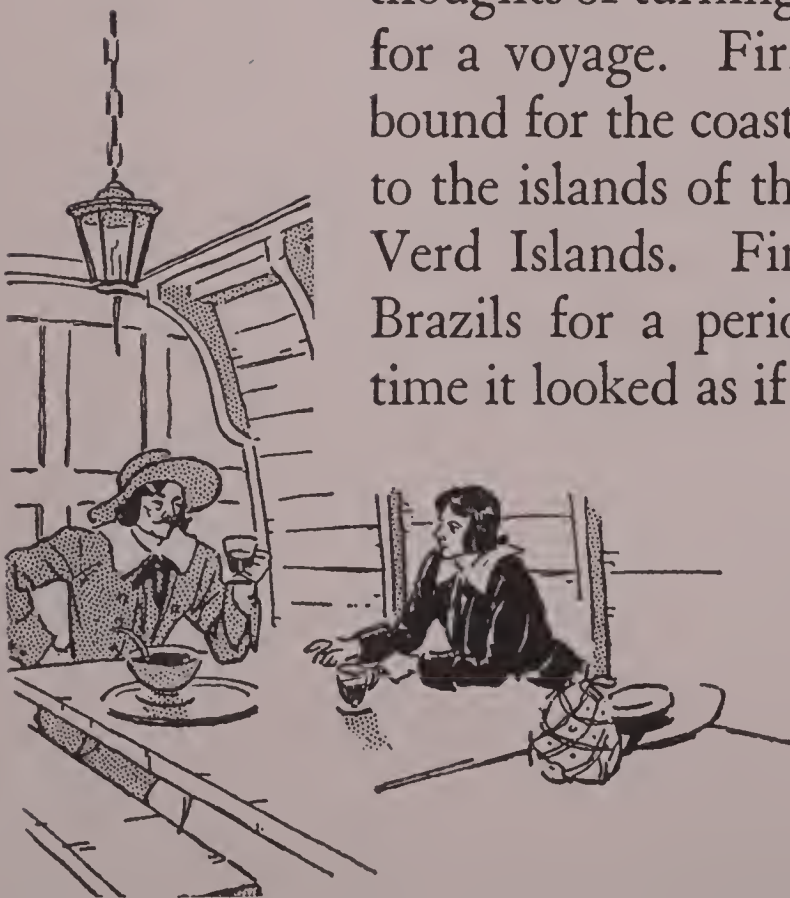
I WAS born in the year 1632, in the city of York. At a very early age my head began to be filled with rambling thoughts. My family had hoped that I would enter law but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. My father, a wise and grave man, begged me to give up my dream. He told me it was men of desperate fortunes who went abroad upon adventures, and that the safe and happy place for me was at home. I was deeply affected by my father's words and I tried not to think of going abroad any more, but alas—a few days wore it all off, and I was soon tormented with thoughts of the sea as much as ever.

So it was, when some time later I was down at Hull and met with a companion who was going to sea on his father's ship, I readily accepted his invitation to accompany him. I

consulted neither father nor mother, nor so much as sent them word of it. And without God's blessing, or my father's—and in an ill hour, I later came to think—I boarded the ship bound for London on the first of September, in the year 1651.

Never had any young adventurer such misfortunes as mine! The ship had no sooner got out of the Humber, when the wind began to blow and the waves began to rise in a most frightful manner. I was sick in body and terrified in mind. I began to think seriously of what I had done and I remembered my father's tears and my mother's entreaties.

However, with my first voyage safely over, I soon forgot its unpleasantness. I was reluctant to go home. Finally I quite laid aside any thoughts of turning landsman and looked about for a voyage. First I went on board a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. Later I voyaged to the islands of the Canaries and the Cape de Verd Islands. Finally I settled down at the Brazils for a period of several years. For a time it looked as if I had taken leave of the sea.



*At Hull I met with a companion
who was going to sea*

But again I went on board in an evil hour, the first of September, 1659, being the same day eight years before that I went from my parents at Hull. Our ship was not large, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except such toys and trinkets as were fit for our trade with the negroes. We set sail to the northward with the plan to later cross over directly to the African coast. We had very good weather, only it was excessively hot all the way up our own coast. All went well until a violent tornado came upon us from the southeast. For twelve days we were carried as the fury of the winds directed, and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up. About the twelfth day, the weather abated a little and the master made an observation as well as he could.

Looking over the charts of the seacoast of America with him, we found that there was no inhabited country near, and as we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa

without some assistance to our ship and to ourselves, we changed our course. We hoped to reach some of the English islands, but we were destined for further terror. A second storm came upon us, which carried us away to the westward, driving us so far out of the known courses that we knew if we escaped the sea we would probably be devoured by savages upon landing.

One early morning, the wind still blowing hard, a man on deck came running to me, crying, "Land!" We had no sooner run out of the cabin to look than the ship struck upon a sand bar and came to a shivering stop. The sea broke over her in such a manner that we were driven into the cabin in order to keep from perishing immediately, where we sat, expecting death at every moment.

There was still one small boat left on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break at any time. So it was the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat and with the help of the

rest of the men, they got her flung over the ship's side. Eleven in number, we climbed into the frail vessel and gave ourselves up to the mercy of God and the wild sea.

We had rowed only about a league and a half when a mountain-like wave overtook us. It came upon us with such a fury that it over-set the boat at once, separating us from one another and swallowing us up in a moment. The wave drove me on, a vast way toward the shore. Then, having spent itself, went back and left me upon an almost dry land but half-dead with the water I had taken in. I had so much presence of mind that, in spite of my exhaustion, I got upon my feet and tried to climb further upon the land before another wave should return and wash me back into the sea again. Turning, I saw the sea coming upon me once more—a monstrous wave twenty or thirty feet deep. I could feel myself carried with mighty force and swiftness toward the shore. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when suddenly my head and hands shot out above the surface of the water. This re-

lieved me greatly and gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water, but I managed to hold out. The great wave spent itself and began to return. I struck forward against the return of the waters and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover my breath and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had on toward the shore.

It was not until later that I realized the only prospect before me was of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts, for I had no weapon upon me save a knife. For the moment all I knew was that my life was saved!

CHAPTER II

I MAKE A SETTLEMENT

WHEN I awoke it was broad day, the weather was clear and the sea was quiet. The first thing I saw was the ship which had been lifted off the sand bar and driven up within a mile of the shore where it rested against a great rock. A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. I was filled with terrible grief, for I saw that if we had kept on board we would have all been saved. I resolved if possible to get to the ship in hopes that the provisions were still aboard her.

I pulled off my clothes and struck out toward her, but when I reached her side, my difficulty was how to get on board. She lay aground and high out of the water so that there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I

swam around her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope which I got hold of and pulled myself into the forecastle. Here I found that a great deal of water was in her hold, but that the provisions were dry and untouched by the water. I saw that I must have a boat in order to carry away with me the many things I knew that I would need.

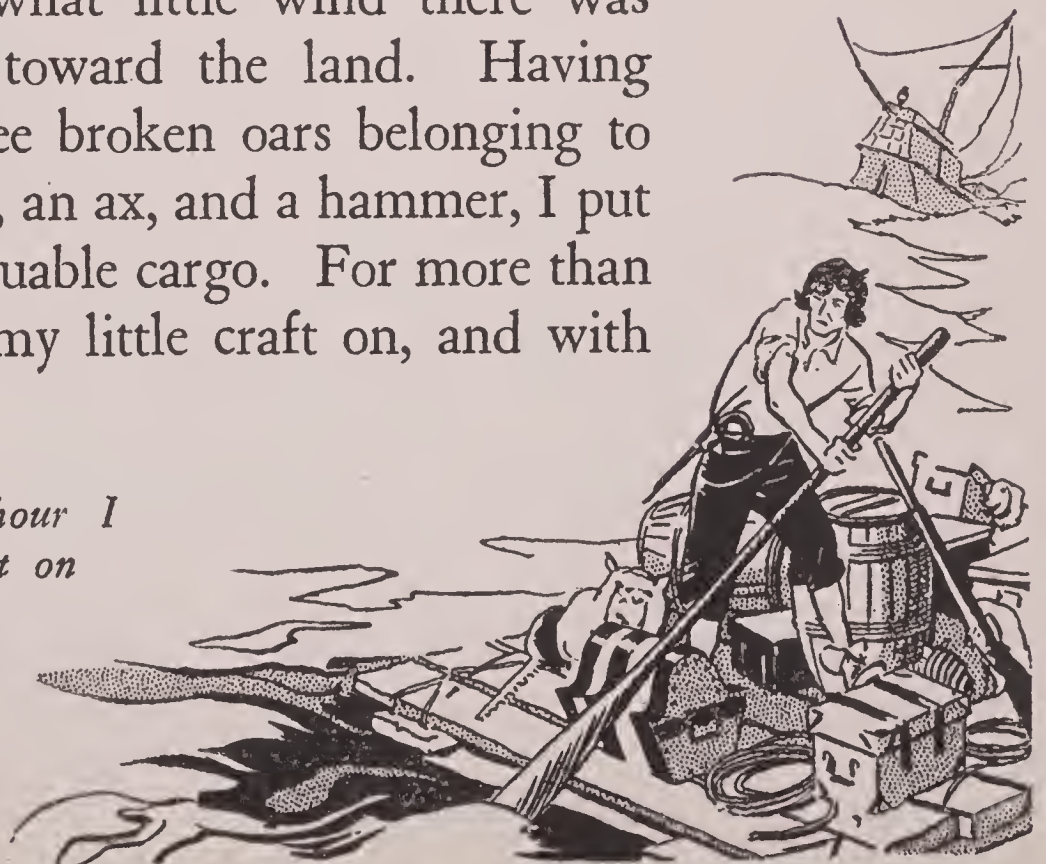
It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. There were several spare yards of sail and two or three large spars of wood on board, and I fell to work upon these. I tied the wood fast together at both ends in the form of a raft and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them, crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well but that it was still not able to bear any great weight. I went to work again and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths and added them to my raft with a great deal of labor and pains. My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight.

I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get. I filled three seamen's chests

with provisions—rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goats' flesh, and some European corn. After long searching I found the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a useful prize to me and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at this time. My next search was for some ammunition and arms. There were two good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols, some powder horns and a small bag of shot and two old rusty swords. I found that two barrels of powder were still dry and good and these I managed to get on my raft also. I was well freighted, and I began to think about how I should get to shore, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder.

Three things encouraged me: first, a smooth, calm sea; second, the tide rising and setting in to shore; third, what little wind there was would blow me toward the land. Having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, two saws, an ax, and a hammer, I put to sea with my valuable cargo. For more than an hour I urged my little craft on, and with

*For more than an hour I
urged my little craft on*



great difficulty finally guided her into a little cove on the shore.

My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place to settle. There was a hill above me, rising steep and high. I took out one of the pistols and a horn of powder, and thus armed, I traveled to the top of the hill to sight the country about me. I saw my fate as soon as I had reached the heights. I was on an island, surrounded on all sides by the sea. No land was in sight except some rocks off-shore and two small islands about three leagues to the west. I found also that the island was barren and, I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts. There were many fowls, but I did not know their kinds, and if I killed them I knew that I could not tell which was good for food and which was carrion flesh.

I made my way back to the raft and fell to work to bring my cargo on to the shore. It seemed wise for me to make further trips to the ship; so I swam out when the tide was down as before, made another raft and loaded it with two or three bags of nails and spikes,

a great screw-jack, a dozen hatchets, and a grindstone. Besides these, I took all the men's clothes and more ammunition. This day a dog, which had been shut in the cabin, swam ashore with the raft, and he was my faithful servant from then on.

Every day at low tide I made a trip to the ship and brought back rigging and rope, spare canvas, more bread, a box of sugar, a barrel of fine flour, two cables and some ironwork, two or three razors, a pair of large scissors, knives and forks, and some pieces of gold and silver. I could not help smiling somewhat bitterly as I took the coins. One knife alone was worth more than a whole fortune to me in my present plight. On the fourteenth day I awoke and saw that the ship had disappeared.

My thoughts were now wholly occupied in making myself safe from the appearances of possible savages or wild beasts. I had slept in a temporary shelter made of sail and four poles. Now I decided to build a stronger settlement. I found a hillside with a slight hollow in it like a cave. In front of this hollow I pitched my

tent, surrounding it with two rows of strong stakes to which I fastened the ship cables. I now had a fence no one could easily get over.

The entrance into my settlement was over the top of the fence. I made a short ladder which I lifted over after me when I was inside. Into this fence or fortress I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores; then I made a large tent and a smaller tent within, covering the top tent with a large tarpaulin to keep out the rains. A ship hammock was my bed and the rock cave my storehouse. And this was to be my home for many days.

CHAPTER III

MY FURTHER ADVENTURES

AFTER I had been on shore some time, I realized that I would lose my reckoning of the days unless I devised some way of keeping track of them. So I figured back the time and cut with a knife upon a large post: "I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1659." Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as the mark for Sunday. Thus I kept my calendar.

In one of the chests I found pens and ink, and so I began to put down my affairs in writing in order to keep my mind from morbid thoughts. The first thing that I did was to look at my case fairly. I then wrote the following testimony:

EVIL

GOOD

I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope and recovery.

But I am alive; and not drowned, as all my ship's company were.

I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.

But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew, spared from death miraculously.

I am divided from mankind and banished from human society.

But I am not starved and perishing.

I am without any defense, or means to resist any violence of man or beast.

But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beast to hurt me.

I have no soul to speak to or relieve me.

But God wonderfully sent the ship near enough to shore so that I have in my possession all things necessary to enable me to supply my wants as long as I live.

As long as my ink lasted I kept a journal of my adventures. Extracts from it will tell

you in detail all the horrors I went through in those first days on the desert island.

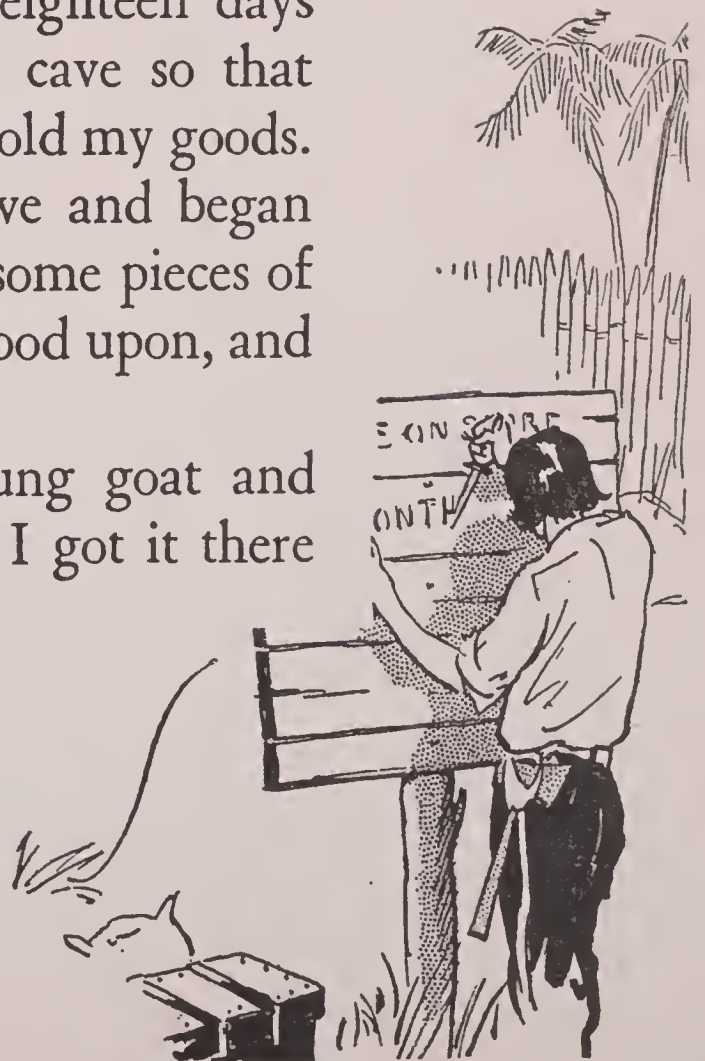
September 30th, 1659. I, poor, miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm came on shore on this dismal, unfortunate island which I called the Island of Despair.

November 13. This day it rained and cooled the earth; but it was accompanied with terrible thunder and lightning, which frightened me dreadfully for fear my gunpowder would catch on fire. As soon as it was over, I resolved to separate my stock of powder into as many little parcels as possible that it might not be in danger.

November 23. I have spent eighteen days in widening and deepening my cave so that there will be more room in it to hold my goods. I carried everything into the cave and began to furnish my house, and set up some pieces of boards, like a dresser, to put my food upon, and made myself a small table.

December 27. Lamed a young goat and led it home by a string. When I got it there

*Notches on a square post served me
as a calendar*



I bound and splintered up its leg and took such care of it that it lived. It grew tame and would not go away. This was the first thought I had of breeding tame creatures that I might have food when my powder and shot were gone.

April 16. A terrible earthquake frightened me on this day and destroyed much of my work about my cave.

June 16. Going down to the seaside, I found a large tortoise, or turtle. This was the first I had seen. I cooked it and it was most savory and pleasant.

June 19. Very ill, and shivering.

June 20. No rest all night; violent pains in my head. Feverish.

June 21. Very ill; frightened almost to death at my sad condition.

Here my journal ends. There followed days of horrible illness with fits and nightmares and terrible fevers. It occurred to me in this illness that the Brazilians always use tobacco for medicine; so I went to one of my chests and found a cure both for soul and body. I tried

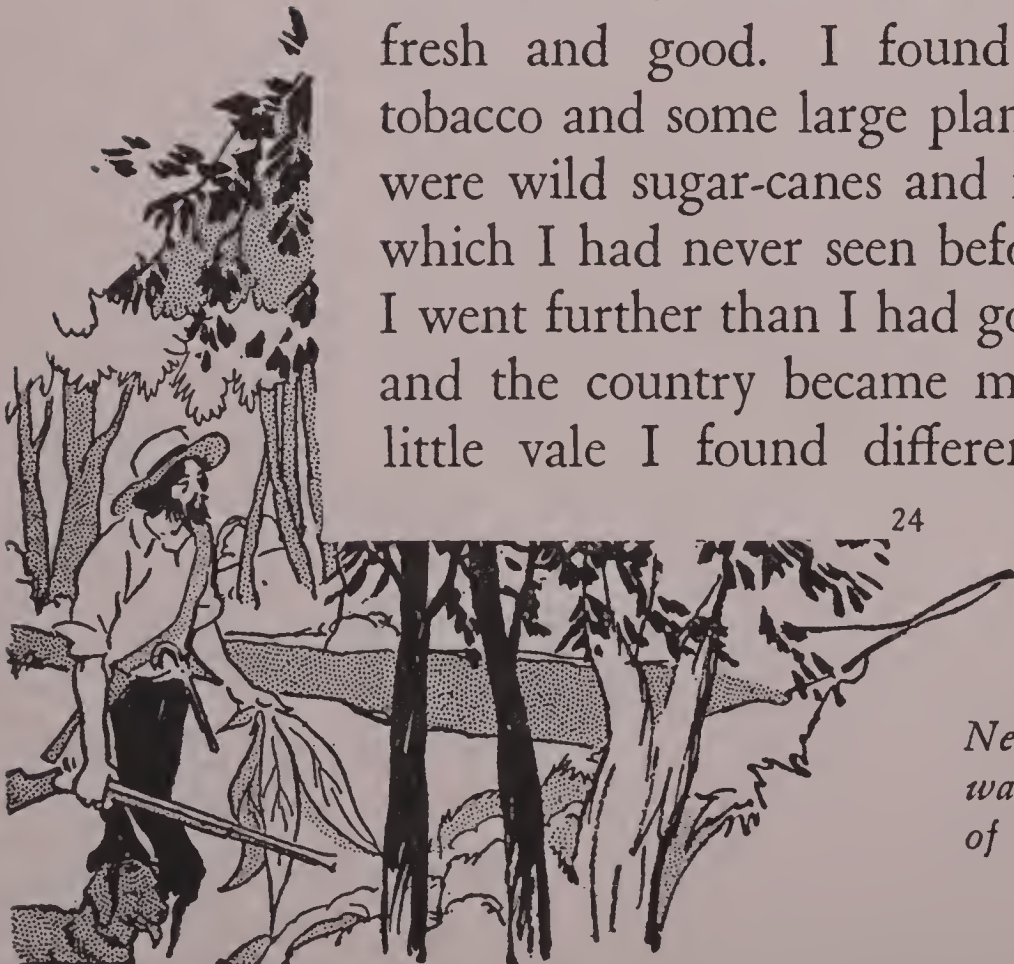
several experiments with the tobacco, chewing some, burning it and smelling the smoke, and brewing a tobacco tea. I awoke one morning after this treatment, feeling exceedingly refreshed. I got stronger each day and finally was able to walk around again. I killed a sea fowl or two, but found them unpleasant eating, and went back to turtle's eggs, which were always good.

CHAPTER IV

I EXPLORE

I HAD now been on this unhappy island a little more than ten months. All chance of escape seemed to be entirely taken from me, and I firmly believed that no human shape had ever set foot upon that place. I had a great desire to make a complete survey of the island to see if I might find anything on it of interest to me. It was on the fifteenth of July that I began to explore.

I went up the creek first, but found that it was little more than a brook of running water, fresh and good. I found a great deal of tobacco and some large plants of aloes. There were wild sugar-canes and many other plants which I had never seen before. The next day I went further than I had gone the day before, and the country became more woody. In a little vale I found different fruits; melons,



Near a brook of running water I found a great deal of tobacco and some aloes

grapes, oranges, lemons, and citrons. There were green limes which I mixed with water and found cool and refreshing.

I was so enamoured of this place that I spent much of my time there for the whole remaining part of the month of July. I built a small bower, surrounding it at a distance with a strong fence like the one I had made around my other home. Here I lay very secure sometimes two or three nights together; always going over the fence with a ladder. So I had my country and my sea-coast house.

My food was now regulated thus: For breakfast I ate a bunch of raisins (which I made myself by hanging the grapes in the sun to dry), a piece of goat's flesh or a broiled turtle for dinner, and two or three of the turtle's eggs for my supper.

I now resolved to travel further. I went beyond the vale where my bower stood and came within view of the sea to the west. I could see very clearly a large island or continent some fifteen or twenty leagues off. I could not tell what part of the world this might be, though

I was certain that it was a part of America somewhere near the Spanish dominions.

I found this side of the island much pleasanter than mine; the savannah fields sweetly adorned with flowers and grass and full of fine woods. I saw an abundance of parrots and finally caught one with great difficulty.

I took another way to come back than the way I had come, but I found myself lost in a valley, and finally I had to return to the same path I had taken in the beginning.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations on the island: one, my little fortification or tent with the wall about it, and the cave in the rock which by now I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. Besides this, I had my country-seat; and I had now a tolerable plantation there also. Adjoining it was an enclosure for my goats which I had taken great pains to fence and fortify. I had stuck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge. Afterwards, when the stakes grew, as



*Into this fence or fortress I carried all my riches,
all my provisions, ammunition, and stores*

they all did in the next rainy season, the enclosure was as strong as any wall could make it.

This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support. I considered the maintaining of a breed of tame creatures to be a necessity in order that I would have a living supply of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years.

In this place also I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet.

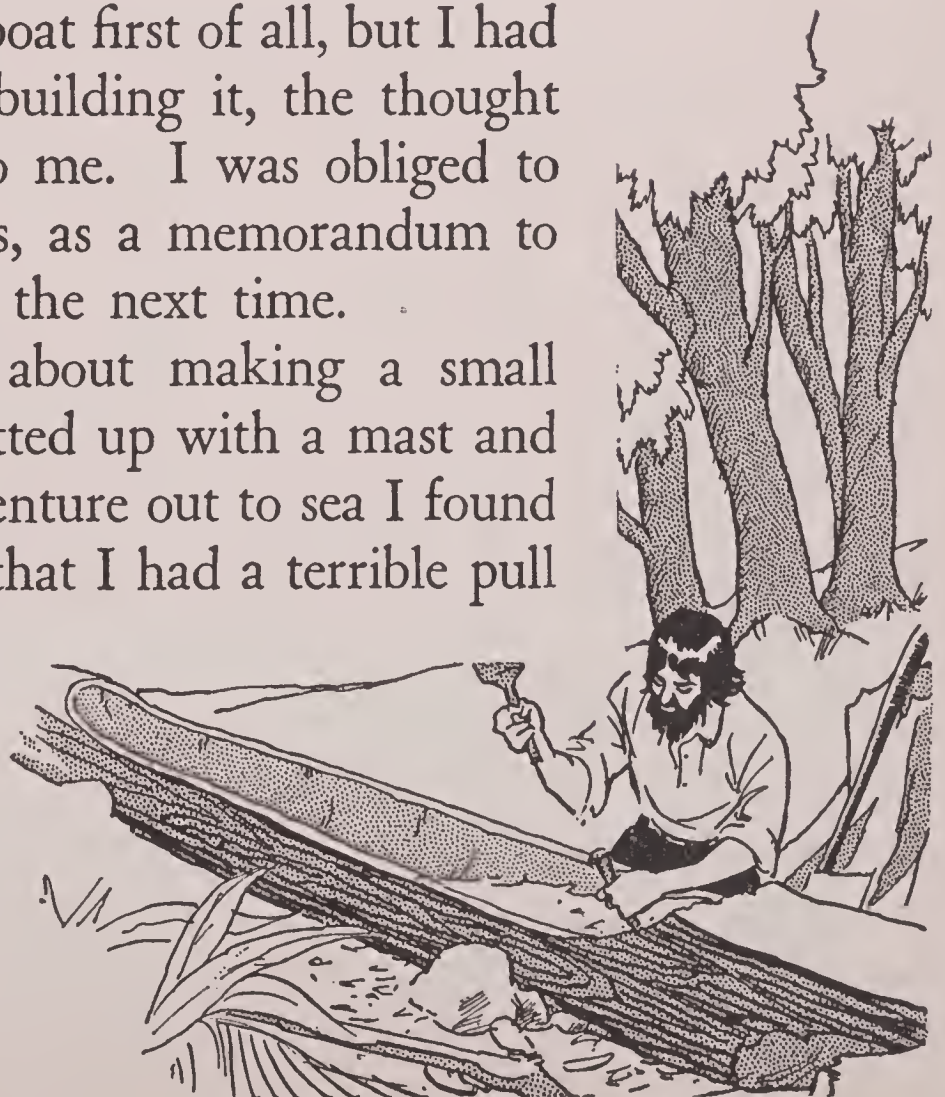
At length, I began to think whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe such as the natives of certain climates make from the trunk of a great tree. With much trouble I found the proper tree and began to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and to burn and cut out a hollow inside. I was twenty days hacking and hewing at the bottom, and fourteen more getting the branches and limbs

cut off. After this, it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion and shape something like the bottom of a boat. It cost me nearly three months to clear the inside. When I completed my labors I had a splendid canoe, big enough to carry six-and-twenty men and, consequently, big enough to carry me and all my cargo. Imagine my horror upon finishing the canoe to find that I could not possibly lift it into the water. I spent days of calculating to see if I could bring the water to the canoe, but even by digging a canal I saw that it would be the work of several years.

One would imagine, if I had reflected upon my circumstances, that I should have thought of how to launch the boat first of all, but I had been so intent upon building it, the thought had never occurred to me. I was obliged to let it lie where it was, as a memorandum to teach me to be wiser the next time.

I immediately set about making a small canoe which I even fitted up with a mast and sail, but on my first venture out to sea I found the current so strong that I had a terrible pull

*I set about making a
small canoe*



reaching shore again. This frightened me so badly that I dared not attempt further voyaging. Sometimes I went out in the boat, but scarcely a stone's throw from the shore, so apprehensive was I of the currents or the winds or some other accident.

It will seem almost unbelievable that I had now been on the island some eleven years—mostly taken up with the uneventful task of preserving my own life and surrounding myself with more comfortable and strong safeguards.

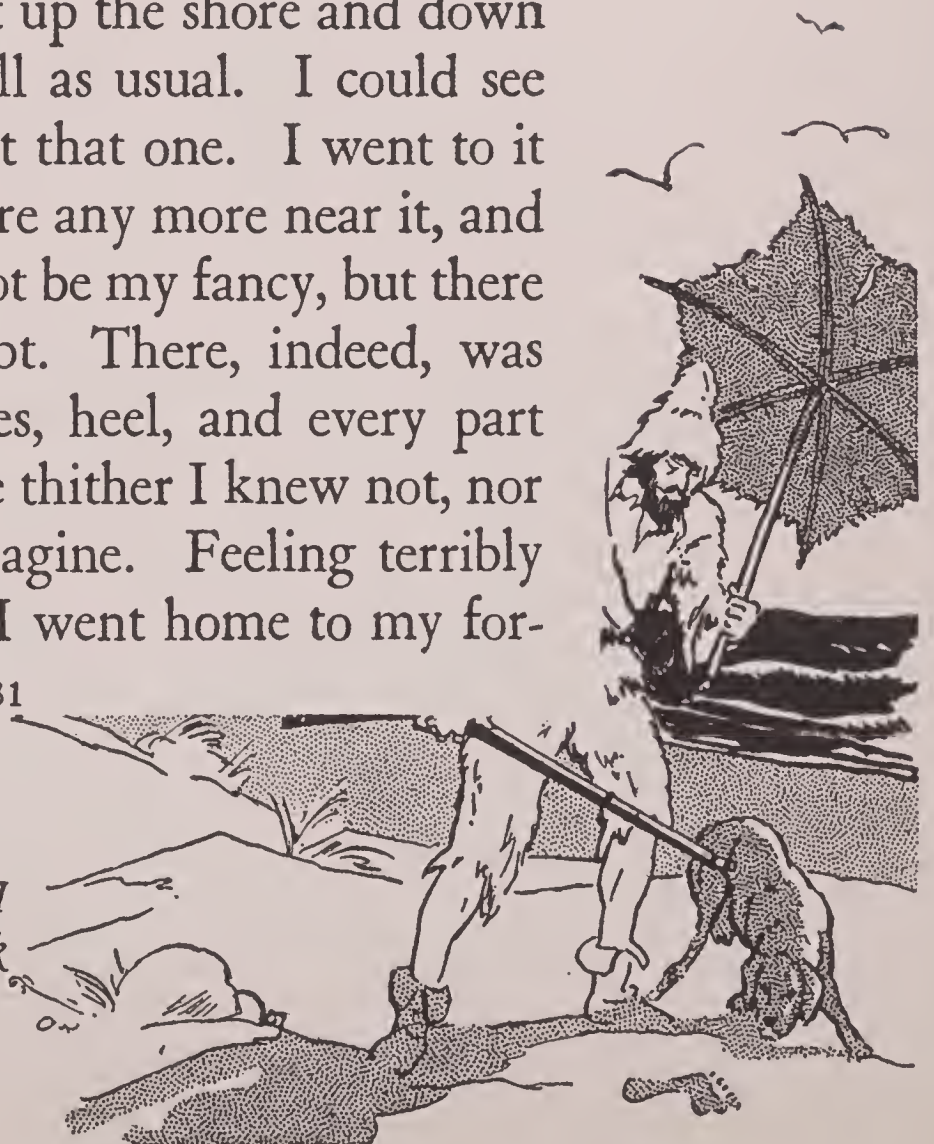
CHAPTER V

I AM NOT ALONE!

IT HAPPENED one day, about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised at the sight of the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. It was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all as usual. I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more near it, and to observe if it might not be my fancy, but there was no room for doubt. There, indeed, was the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine. Feeling terribly confused and startled, I went home to my for-

31

At the sight of the footprint I stood like one thunder-struck



tification, scarcely able to feel the ground I walked on, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man.

When I reached my castle, I fled into it like one pursued. I slept none that night. Sometimes I thought it must be the Devil who had made the footprint; for how could any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought him? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But many things convinced me it was not the Devil; and I presently concluded that it must be some more dangerous creature. It was probably one of a party of savages from the mainland who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island's shore. Undoubtedly they were gone away again to sea, being as loth to stay on this desolate island as I would have been to have had them here.

In the midst of these thoughts, it occurred to me one day that all this might be a mere illusion, and that this footprint might be my own. This cheered me and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion. I tried to convince myself that I had played the part of those fools who make up stories of specters and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than anybody else.

At last I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provisions. I knew also that my goats wanted to be milked. Encouraging myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and that I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I ventured forth again. First I went to my country-house to milk my flock. Ah, with what fear I went my way! How often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life.

However, as two or three days passed and I

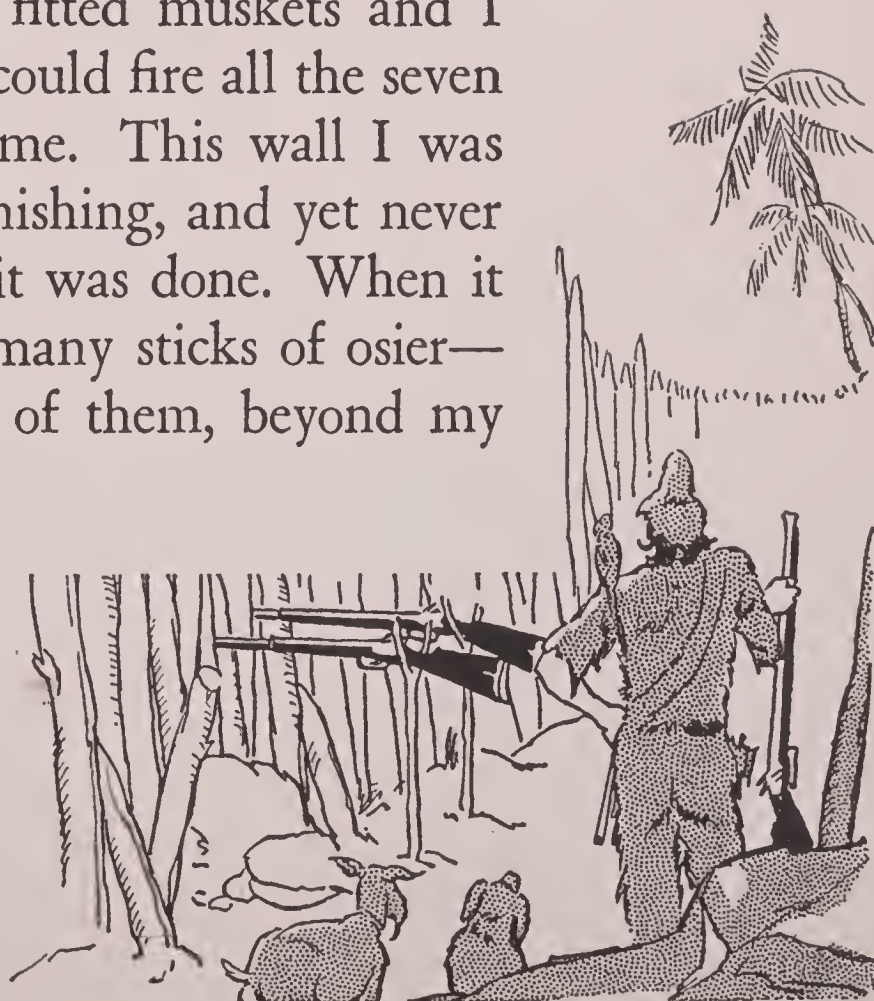
saw nothing unusual, I began to be a little bolder. I finally persuaded myself to go down to the shore again to see this print of a foot and measure it by my own to assure myself that I had indeed made it myself. But when I came to the place, first, it appeared quite evident that I could not possibly have walked on that part of the shore; and, second, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal.

Both of these things filled my head with new fancies, and gave me the chills so that I shook with cold like one in an ague. Fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself. The confusion of my thoughts kept me awake all night, but toward morning I fell into a deep sleep. I woke up refreshed and in a much saner state of mind. I concluded that this island, which was so exceedingly pleasant and fruitful and within reach of the mainland, was not so entirely abandoned as I had imagined it to be. Though there were no inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet there might sometimes come boats, either

by design or driven there by cross-currents, bringing strangers to the shore. That I had lived here a dozen years and had not met with the least shadow of man, was undoubtedly a chance. Probably I had more than once slept with another human on my island. There was nothing for me to do but to consider some safe retreat, in case I should see any more savages land upon the spot.

I resolved to make a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall. I also planted more stakes between the trees I had put in twelve years before to make my first wall. I now had a double wall, and I thickened the inside wall to about ten feet with earth and rock. I left seven holes in which I fitted muskets and I arranged them so that I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done. When it was finished, I planted many sticks of osier—nearly twenty thousand of them, beyond my wall.

*I left holes in which I fitted
muskets*



Years went by—in two years' time, I had a thick grove surrounding me, and in five or six years' time, I had a wood before my dwelling, growing thick and strong and nearly impassable.

CHAPTER VI

I VIEW THE SAVAGES

IT WAS not long after this that I came to the conclusion that seeing the print of a man's foot on my island had not been as strange a thing as I had imagined. A special providence had apparently cast me upon the side of the island where the savages never came. I learned this when one day, as I walked to the other side of the island, I came upon the most horrible sight. The shore was spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies. I saw a place where there had been a fire. The picture was all too plain. Not only had I wild men to hide from—but cannibals as well.

It was now the month of December, in my twenty-third year. It was harvest time, and I was abroad in the fields at an early hour, sometimes even before daylight. It happened one

morning as I made my way along in the early darkness before dawn, I was surprised by the light of a fire about two miles down the shore.

I hurried back to my castle and took my post within. I loaded all my cannon, that is to say, my muskets, and all my pistols, and resolved to defend myself to the last gasp. I stood at my post for about two hours. Then I began to get impatient. After sitting a while longer, I could not bear the suspense any more. I set up my ladder against the side of the hill and climbing to the top of it, I took my perspective glass and looked through it. Never had my glass showed man a stranger picture than the one it showed me. I found that there were no less than nine naked savages sitting around a small fire. The weather was warm; so I knew that the fire was not to give heat, but probably to cook some of the human flesh they had brought to the island with them.

I could see two canoes which they had hauled up upon the shore. It was now ebb-tide. For two hours they danced upon the sand. As soon as the tide returned, I saw them all take

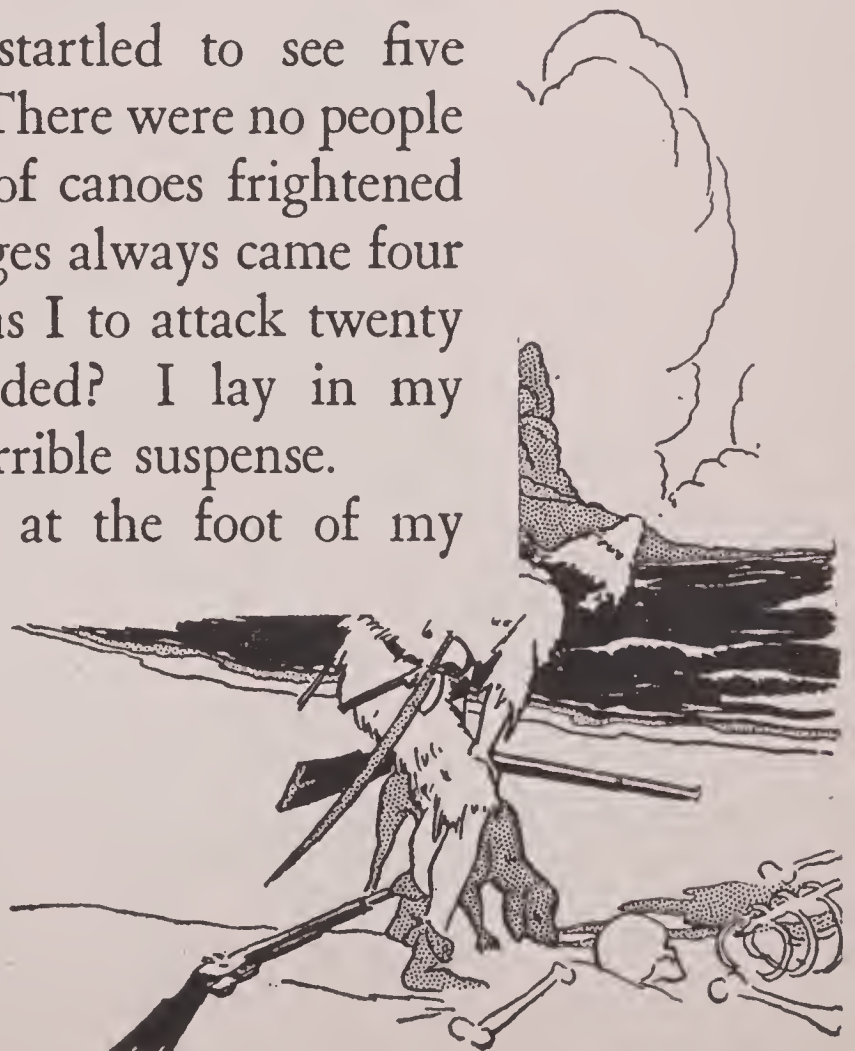
to the boats and row away. When they had shipped and gone, I took two guns upon my shoulders, two pistols in my girdle, and my great sword by my side. With all the speed I was able to make, I hurried through the forest toward the shore where they had been.

The sight that met my eyes was dreadful indeed. I could see the marks of horror that had been left behind, the blood, the bones, and part of the flesh of human bodies. I was so filled with indignation at the sight that I began to plan the destruction of any further savage that landed upon the island. However, a year and three months more passed before I saw them again.

One early morning as I walked on the island, I was suddenly startled to see five canoes on my own shore. There were no people in sight, but the number of canoes frightened me. I knew that the savages always came four or six to a boat. How was I to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed? I lay in my castle perplexed and in terrible suspense.

Finally I set my guns at the foot of my

*The sight that met my eyes
was dreadful indeed*



ladder, and climbed the hill with my perspective glass. Here I observed no less than thirty of the savages a mile down the shore. A fire was kindled, and they were all dancing a strange and barbarous dance around the flames.

While I was thus looking at them, I perceived two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. I knew that they had been brought out for the slaughter. I saw one of them immediately fall to the ground, and two or three savages bent over him to cut him open for their cookery. The other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. At that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself at liberty and unbound, started to run with incredible swiftness along the sands directly toward me.

I was dreadfully frightened when I perceived him run my way, and especially when I saw that three of the savages pursued him. But I found that he outstripped the others in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour he would probably get away from them.



*Here I observed no less than thirty of the savages
a mile down the shore*

There was a creek between them and my castle. This I saw plainly he must swim across. When he reached the water, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up. He plunged in, swam through in about thirty strokes, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness.

When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not. He went no farther and soon turned back in the direction of the shore he had left. I saw that the two who swam over the creek took twice as long as the poor fellow who had fled from them. It came upon me now that this was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant. It was plain that Providence had called upon me to save this poor creature's life.

I immediately ran down the ladder with all possible speed, fetched my two guns, and hastened to place myself between the pursuers and the man who fled for his life. I hallooed loudly at him. At first he was as much frightened at me as at the savages, but I

beckoned with my hand for him to come to me. I slowly advanced toward the two cannibals, and rushing upon the nearest, I knocked him down with the handle of my gun. I saw that the other had drawn his bow and arrow, so I was forced to shoot at once. He fell dead at the first shot.

The poor man who was fleeing for his life saw both his enemies fall, but he was so frightened at the fire and noise of my gun that he stood stock-still, unable to stir. I called again to him and made signs for him to come forward.

At that moment I saw the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but merely stunned by the blow from my gun. I pointed this out to the man I had saved. He at once came near me, and made a motion to take the sword which hung in my belt. He ran at once to the savage and cut his head off. When he had done this, he came to me, laughing triumphantly, and kneeling down every ten or twelve steps in acknowledgment for having saved his life. I smiled at him and beckoned

to him to come to me. At length he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground. Taking me by the foot, he set my foot upon his head. By doing this, I learned later, he had pledged himself to be my slave forever.

CHAPTER VII

I BECOME A TEACHER

AFTER the man I had saved rose from my feet, he at once began to make signs to me. I understood him to mean that he should bury the savages in the sand that the others might not see the bodies in case they followed. I made signs in return for him to do this. He fell to work; in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first. He did the same for the second.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly made, with straight, strong limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but manly and at the same time filled with all the sweetness and softness of a European. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his

forehead high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness shone in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but tawny, not an ugly yellow, but a bright agreeable olive-color. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a good mouth, thin lips, and fine teeth as white as ivory.

I led him to where my cave was. After giving him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep.

When he had slumbered about half an hour, he awoke again and came out of the cave. Seeing me, he came running, making all the possible signs of humility and gratitude. I was well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me. The first thing I did was to let him know his name would be Friday, which was the day he had come to me. I likewise taught him to say Master; and then let him know that this was to be my name.

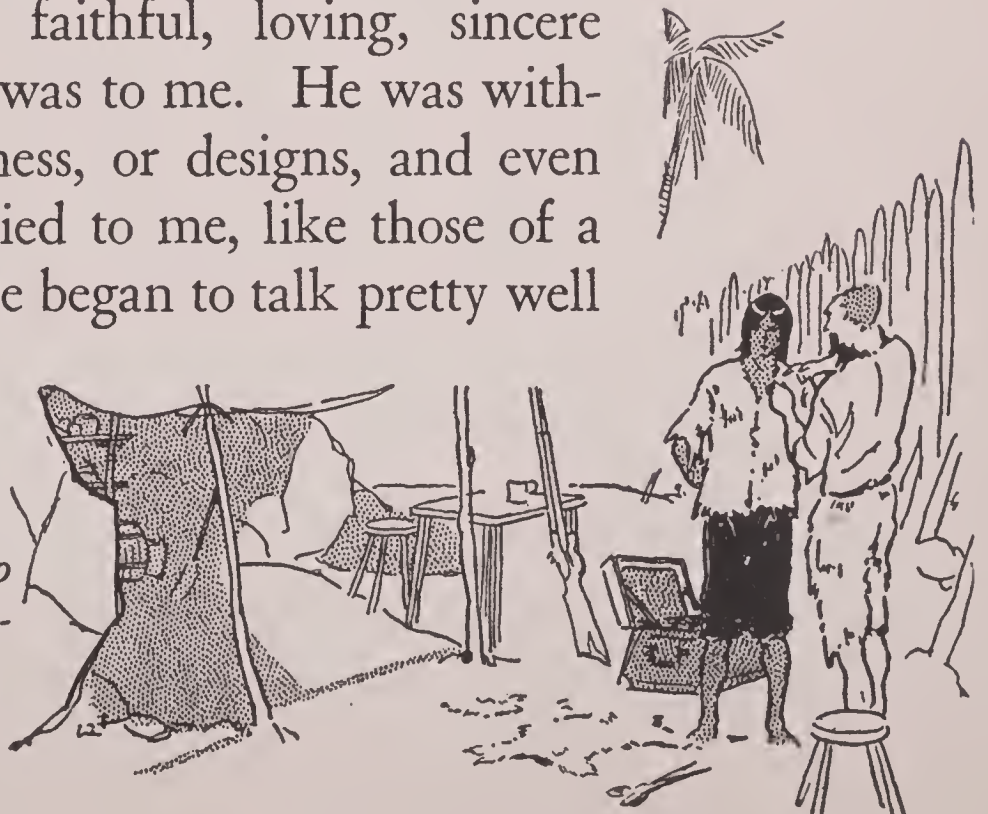
The next day we climbed the hill, and I looked to see if the savages had gone. There

was no sign of their canoes. As we went past the place where the two men were buried, Friday pointed to the place and made signs to me that we should dig them up and eat them. I appeared angry at this and expressed great horror at the idea. Then I beckoned Friday away from the spot and he followed me with submission.

My next task was to dress Friday. I gave him a pair of breeches from one of the chests I had saved from the wreck, and then I made him a jerkin of goat's skin and a cap of hare's skin. He was very well pleased to see himself almost as well-clothed as his master. It is true, he wore his clothes awkwardly at first, but he soon became used to them.

This became the pleasantest year of all the life I led on the island. At first I watched Friday carefully. But it was needless, for never was there a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me. He was without passions, sullenness, or designs, and even his affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father. He began to talk pretty well

Friday was well pleased to see himself almost as well-clothed as his master



and to understand the names of almost everything about us. Our conversations must have sounded very odd, but we understood each other well.

After Friday and I became more intimately acquainted, I told him my own history. I let him into the mystery of gunpowder and bullet, and taught him how to shoot. I gave him a knife and a hatchet to hang from a belt I made for him. I described my own people, telling him how we worshiped God, and how we treated our fellow-men. I told him of our ship, and after he had listened, he said: "Me see such boat like that come to my nation." I decided that some European ship must have been cast upon their coast. Friday described the boat to me and then added the astonishing news: "The boat full of white mans." I questioned him further, and found that the savages had saved seventeen white men and that these men were still alive. The savages only ate men that they took in battle.

I knew then that I must form some plan to visit Friday's continent and see the white men

there. We set to work to make a canoe large enough for the voyage. It took us several months, but when we were finished we had a fine ship with a mast and sails and a rudder to steer her by. The rainy season broke upon us, and we stowed our vessel securely at a little dock we made, and then we went inside to spend most of our days in conversation while we waited for the months of November and December when the weather would be fine enough for us to undertake a voyage.

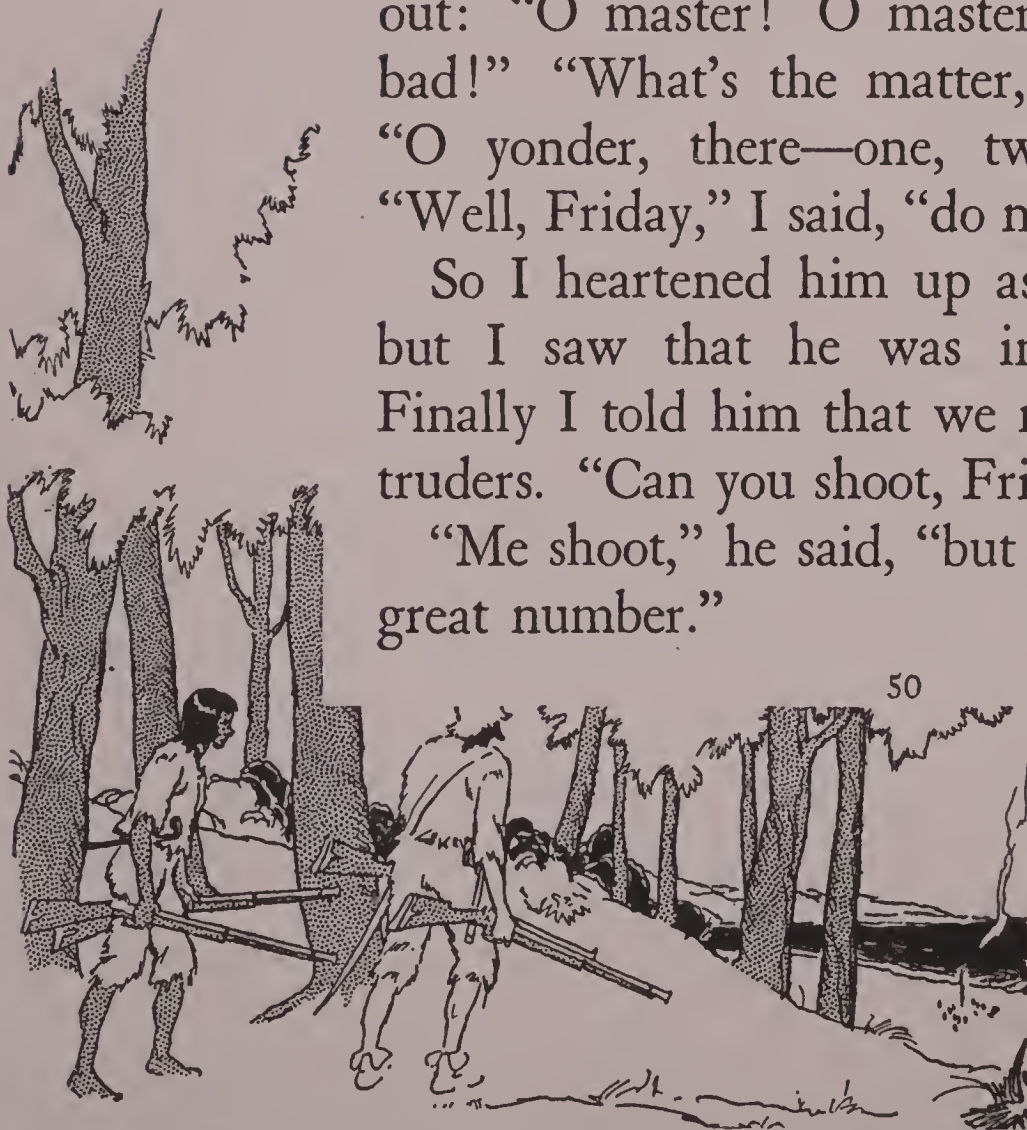
CHAPTER VIII

WE FIGHT THE SAVAGES

WHEN the settled season began, I set about preparing for the voyage. I was busy at this one morning when I called to Friday and bade him go to the seashore in search of turtles and turtle-eggs. Friday had not been gone long when he came running back. He fairly flew over my outer wall, and before I had time to speak to him, he cried out: "O master! O master! O sorrow! O bad!" "What's the matter, Friday?" I said. "O yonder, there—one, two, three canoe." "Well, Friday," I said, "do not be frightened."

So I heartened him up as well as I could, but I saw that he was indeed frightened. Finally I told him that we must fight the intruders. "Can you shoot, Friday?"

"Me shoot," he said, "but there come many great number."



50

I saw that there were one-and-twenty savages preparing a barbarous banquet

I gave him two fowling-pieces, and I took four muskets. I hung my great sword at my side, and I gave Friday his hatchet. Then I went up the hill with my glass. I saw that there were one-and-twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes. Their whole business seemed to be the preparation of a barbarous banquet.

I charged Friday to keep close to me, and not to stir, nor shoot, nor do anything till I ordered him. When I had come near enough to the savages, I sent Friday to peer from behind a tree to report to me what they were doing. He did so, and came back to me, telling me that they were all about the fire eating the flesh of one of their prisoners. He said that another prisoner lay on the sand near-by, bound helplessly, and moreover, that this man was one of the bearded white men he had told me about. I was at once filled with horror. I seized my glass and looked for myself. It was true. He was a European and he had clothes on!

I had now not a moment to lose, for two of the savages had already gone to untie the bonds

that held the poor Christian that they might butcher him next. I turned to Friday. "Do exactly as you see me do," I commanded.

Then I set down one of the muskets and the fowling-piece upon the ground, and Friday did the same. With the other musket I took my aim at the savages and fired. Friday took his aim so much better than I that he killed two savages and wounded three more, while I killed but one and wounded two. They were thrown into the wildest confusion. All who were not hurt jumped to their feet, but for a moment they did not know where to run. Friday looked to me for our next move. So I fired again, and so did he. Two were killed and many more wounded. They ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures.

"Now, Friday," I said, taking up the musket which was still loaded, "follow me."

I rushed out of the wood and showed myself. Friday was close behind me. As soon as they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could and bade Friday do so too. I made directly for the two poor victims who lay on the beach.



When Friday bent over the prisoner, the look on his face would have moved anyone to tears

While my man Friday continued the battle, I loosed the hands and feet of the poor white prisoner. I lifted him up, and asked him in the Portuguese tongue, what he was. He answered in Latin, "Christianus." But he was so weak and faint he could scarcely speak a word. I took my bottle out of my pocket and gave it to him, making signs for him to drink, and I gave him a piece of bread to eat. Then I asked him what country he had come from, and he answered that he was "Espagniole." I knew very little Spanish, but I said to him as best I could: "Signor, we will talk afterward, but we must fight now. If you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword."

He took them at once, and no sooner had he the arms in his hands than all his strength came back and he flew at his murderers like a fury. Friday pursued the flying wretches with no weapon in his hand but his hatchet, and with that he dispatched three more. The Spaniard cut two lusty wounds on another's head. Three escaped in the canoe, and that was all that were left alive.

I now turned my attention to the other poor prisoner. He was tied so hard at his neck and heels that he had but little life in him. I cut the twisted rushes that bound him and tried to help him up. He groaned most piteously, believing that he had been unbound only to be killed. When Friday came to him, I bade him speak to the poor soul and reassure him.

But when Friday bent over the prisoner, the look on his face would have moved any one to tears. He kissed the savage, embraced him, hugged him, cried, laughed, hallooed, jumped about, danced, sang, and finally wept. It was a long time before I could make him speak to me to tell me what was the matter. When he came to himself a little, he told me that the savage was his father.

It is not easy for me to describe half the expressions of love that Friday showed to his father. He fed the poor old man, and rubbed his numbed arms and ankles. While Friday aided his father, I cared for the poor Spaniard. In a few hours, we had made them a handsome tent from old sails and the boughs of trees.

My island was now peopled, and I thought myself rich in subjects. It was a merry reflection. How like a king I was! First of all, the whole country was my own property, so that I had an undoubted right of dominion. Secondly, my people were perfectly subjected. I was absolutely lord and lawgiver, and they all owed their lives to me.

CHAPTER IX

WE SIGHT A SHIP

WHEN none of the canoes returned in several days, I began to resume my former thoughts of a voyage to the main to rescue the shipwrecked white men. It was decided to increase our provisions first. A good harvest of barley and rice assured us of ample supplies.

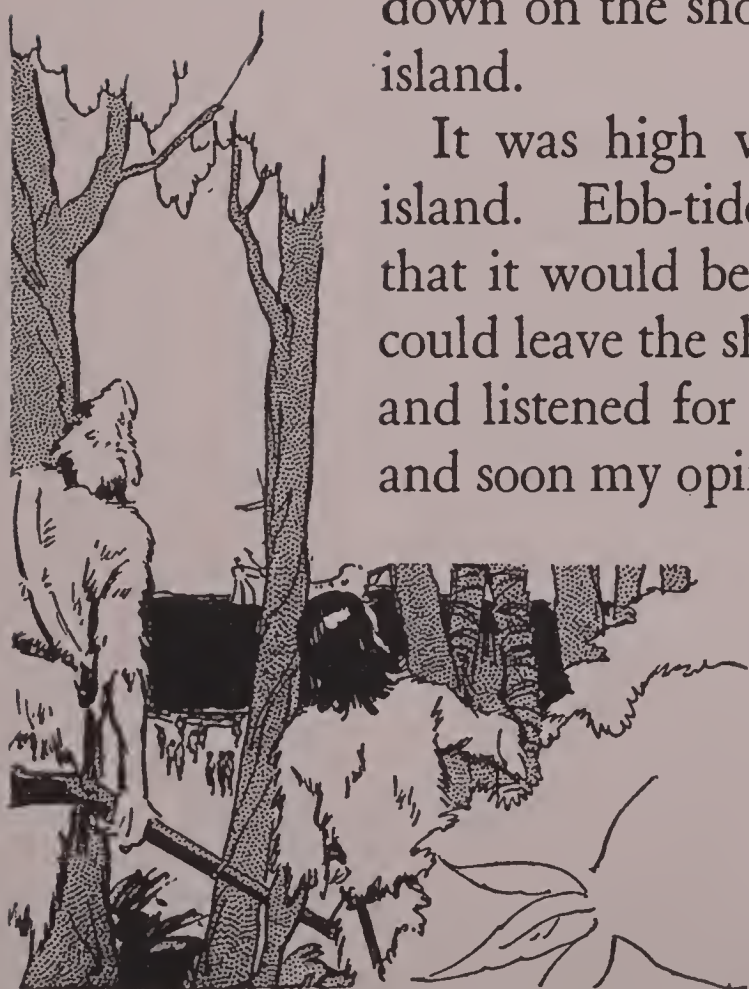
I then gave the Spaniard leave to go over to the main. I charged the father of Friday to attend him. They went away with a fair gale, on the day that the moon was at full in the month of October.

It was no less than eight days I had waited for them, when a strange and unforeseen accident intervened. I was fast asleep in my hut one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud: "Master, Master, a ship, a ship!"

I cannot express my joy at seeing a ship, and one I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen. Yet I had some secret doubts. It occurred to me to consider what business an English ship could have in this part of the world, since it was far out of the way of traffic. I decided that I had better remain in hiding until I knew whether these men were honest sailors or a band of thieves and murderers.

I saw them beach a half a mile away. There were eleven men, three unarmed and apparently bound as prisoners. I could not understand the meaning of this. In my heart I feared that they were going to be murdered. However, the eight free men left the three prisoners down on the shore and set about exploring the island.

It was high water when they came to the island. Ebb-tide soon followed, and I knew that it would be a good ten hours before they could leave the shore again. I hid in the groves and listened for any word that might be said, and soon my opinion that these men were Eng-



I saw them beach a half a mile away

lish and seamen was confirmed, for I heard one say to another: "Leave the boat alone, Jack, can't you? She'll float next tide."

When night came, I resolved to steal down to the shore and make myself known to the three miserable prisoners. Friday followed me. I came near and spoke in Spanish. They started up at the noise, and looked terrified when they beheld my uncouth figure. Then I spoke again in English: "Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised at me. Perhaps you may have a friend near, when you did not expect one." "He must be sent directly from Heaven then," said one of them gravely, "for our condition is past the help of man." "I will try to help you," I answered, "but tell me of your distress. I saw you when you landed and you seem to be at the mercy of those who brought you here."

The elder of the three men spoke, with tears running down his face. "Am I talking to God or man?" he said. "Our case, sir, is too long to tell you while our murderers are near. In short, I was commander of that ship. My men have mutinied against me. They have set

me on shore in this desolate place with my mate and one passenger, expecting us to perish here.”

The commander told me that there were two desperate villains among them who had led all the rest. If they were secured, he believed the others would return to their duty. I also learned that they were not well armed.

I gave the captain and his mate a musket, and with a pistol in my hand we set out. The first three we took easily. They called for help, but the captain told them that it was too late for that. They begged for mercy when they saw me, and the captain told them he would spare their lives if they would be faithful to him and aid him in recovering the ship. They promised him to do this, but I insisted that they be bound hand and foot as long as they were on the island.

Our next plan was to carry away the oars, mast, sail, and rudder of the small boat. After awhile the rest of the sailors came back to the boat. It was easy to see their surprise to find her stripped. They shouted loudly, and finally came together in a ring and fired a volley of

arms. But we rushed up behind them, and upon hearing our guns fired, and seeing the captain, they submitted to us. Our victory was complete.

The next day another boat came to seek the first one. We did likewise with these men, and the captain found that there were enough men on shore for him to attempt to regain his ship again. He talked to the sailors of the injury they had done him, and told them that if they aided him, he would see that they were pardoned in England. They were willing indeed to aid him. It was decided that Friday and I should stay on shore with the two leaders of the mutiny while the captain and his men went out to the ship.

As soon as the ship was captured, the captain ordered seven guns to be fired, the signal agreed upon to give me notice of his success. Soon the boat came back to the island, and the captain himself came to the top of the hill: "My dear friend and deliverer," he said, "there's your ship, for she is all yours, and so are we and all that belong to her." My deliverance

was at hand. Here was a large ship ready to carry me whither I pleased to go.

The captain and I then consulted together as to what was to be done with the leaders of the mutiny. He said that they must be put in irons and hanged when we reached England. It was then that I told him what I desired. I wished to leave the two men upon my island. I had the men brought before me, and I told them of their plight if they went to England. I offered them in return the privilege of staying alive if they would remain on the island. I told them that I would leave them some firearms, some ammunition, and directions how to live well in this secluded spot.

It was as I thought. They chose to stay on the island rather than to return to certain death. When they declared their willingness to stay, I told them the story of my living there. I gave them the whole history of the place and taught them how to plant corn, cure grapes, and make bread. In a word, I told them everything they needed to know in order to preserve their own lives. I told them also the story of the seven-

teen Spaniards that were expected, and I made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

Having done all this, I left them the next day and went on board ship. We prepared immediately to sail. My good man Friday would not be parted from me. When I took leave of the island, I carried on board certain relics—the great goat-skin cap I had made, one of my parrots, the money that had long been useless to me in the wilderness and was now so rusty and tarnished it would hardly pass for silver. And thus I left the island, the nineteenth of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days!

*When I took leave of the island,
I carried on board certain relics*



CHAPTER X

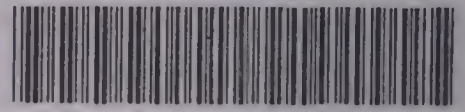
EPILOGUE

IN THIS vessel I arrived in England, having been thirty-five years absent. I was as perfect a stranger to all the world as if I had never been known there. My father and mother were dead, and all the family extinct, except that I found two sisters and two nephews.

I met with one unexpected piece of gratitude. This was that the master of the ship whom I had so happily delivered, gave a handsome account to the owners of the ship of how I had saved the lives of his men and his cargo. They invited me to meet them and made me a fine present of almost two hundred pounds sterling.

However, I soon was restless again. I set sail for Lisbon, my man Friday accompanying me very honestly in this voyage, and all my future wanderings, and proving a most faithful servant upon all occasions.

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